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THE ENDOWMENT OF LEARNING.

The educational world was agreeably surprised by the recent announcement that Mr. Carnegie had found yet a further distinctive purpose for his versatile philanthropy, and possibly the most urgent and pertinent of all. In establishing the Carnegie Institute, the founder had set forth the wholesome doctrine that the endowment of men was to be considered as of greater intrinsic worth than the furtherance of projects or the building of institutions. The two latter forms of the endowment of learning may be said to be firmly sanctioned by our philanthropic traditions; they seem to demand

no defense as to principle, however obviously capable of expansion as to practice. There is, on the other hand, a curious wariness in regard to the specific endowment of individuals, a sort of suspicion in some quarters that it does not quite harmonize with democratic ideals, a still less pertinent misgiving in others that it bears a flavor of charity. With a growing appreciation of the complexity of the conditions requisite for our maintenance of a dignified, not to say a commanding, position in the intellectual rivalry of nations, such doubts will find their own solution. The hopeful message of the Carnegie Institute was the more distinct recognition that the most profitable form of endeavor was to find the deserving and original type of investigator, and then to secure for him the conditions most likely to mature for the public benefit the issues of his labors. A monotonously constant obstacle that stood in the way of even a reasonably favorable environment was the awkward necessity in which the possessor of the favored gifts found himself, of earning his living, to say but little of the provision with fair prudence against the rainy days of incapacity or the gloomy outlook of an incomeless old age. To afford some relief to this unfortunate condition is the worthy purpose of the recent bequest. It is again to endow men rather than institutions, to aid 'the cause of higher education and to remove a source of deep and constant anxiety to the poorest-paid and yet one of the highest of all professions.' The fund will, so far as the institutions that share in its benefits are concerned, make provision for a pension system for 'the least rewarded of all professions,' thus enabling those who have reached the years when the harness is growing a bit irksome and the pace a little tardy to enjoy days of merited tranquility, and—what is equally important—to permit men during their prime to devote themselves with greater singleness of purpose to the work in hand, with less uneasiness as to what the future may bring.

It is rather remarkable that so small a share of the great gifts in behalf of education should have recognized this central need. The pitiful inadequacy of the professor's salary seems to demand as its indispensable compensation the provision for a comfortable retirement after long-time service. Having abandoned hope of even the most modest of competences, the professor should not be required to face senescent penury. The need has not been wholly over-

looked; it would be possible to enumerate a small group of institutions that have adopted a pension system, while others have it under earnest consideration. In the brief experience of the effects of the provision, certain immediate benefits are worthy of record: it has strengthened the feeling among the members of the faculty that they belong for life to the university with whose lot they have cast their own. This feeling of permanency of adjustment exercises a wholesome influence upon the attitude of the scholar to his work, a contentment of spirit that finds not the least of its benefits in the ability to consider with greater composure than is now usual, the overtures of other institutions. It is because the extent of Mr. Carnegie's foundation will draw wide attention to this greatest defect in our educational provisions—a defect that our foreign critics have repeatedly pointed out—that it is likely to exercise a permanent influence upon the administrative measures of all the higher institutions of learning. It thus assumes the importance of a national contribution to educational policy, of a distinctive and comprehensive recognition of the most persistently overlooked desideratum in the educational situation. As such it merits, as it will doubtless receive, the enthusiastic endorsement of those by whom the welfare of our intellectual concerns is properly cherished.

The day has wholly gone by when it was really an impropriety to look a gift horse in the face. Indeed the points of favor and defect of the offering are as likely to be as carefully considered by the donor as by the recipient. At the moment, a rather vigorous discussion is going on anent a wholly different contribution, arguing how far it is incumbent upon the beneficiary to pronounce upon the methods by which the proffered animal was originally acquired. The more usual inquiry relates to the special fitness of the benefaction to meet the actual needs, and without interference with other desirable ends. Mr. Carnegie has passed through the experience of having a most generous offer to a most worthy cause most considerably declined because of the mature judgment of those who were to administer the tendered foundation, that the complications of the measure were likely to entail difficulties which they were not prepared to face. The wisdom of the details of the provisions, as well as the possible dangers which the bequest brings with it, are as legitimate points of discussion as were these same considerations in the planning of the foundation.

Whenever a very large sum of money is given to a cause of this kind, there is the ready criticism that it will diminish the natural incentive for others to supply similar needs, and

thus relieve rather than expand the sense of civic and philanthropic responsibility. Against Mr. Carnegie's libraries it is urged that it would have been better to have had them locally endowed or wholly provided by the communities; in regard to the Carnegie Institute, that it would lead universities to shift the burden of research to the fund thus provided and withdraw funds that might have been available for such purpose; and in regard to the present grant, that it will postpone the day when universities would have of their own accord established pensions for their self-sacrificing professors. This is a complicated issue, for which any formula is an impertinence. It is, however, interesting to observe that the environment of modern civilization is so bafflingly complex, and the many-sidedness of human concerns so unexpectedly surprising, that there is quite as much room for the very opposite influence as for the one that at first sight seems imminent. One may at all events express the hope that Mr. Carnegie's endowment will supplement existing provisions rather than exonerate universities from the duty of supplying pensions, and will lead to similar provisions in such institutions as do not benefit by the Carnegie foundation. The latter consideration will presently be shown to have special pertinence. And after all, each generation has a nearer concern and a profounder insight for the needs of the foreseeable future than for the more distant and dubious perils of a remote posterity. In this aspect of things, there are many who look forward to a larger amelioration of the conditions of learning in America as a consequence, direct and indirect, of this timely bequest, than from any other application of beneficent millions.

The detail likely to arouse strenuous discussion is easily selected. It is that relating to the exclusion of state universities from the benefits of the bequest. Mr. Carnegie explains that inasmuch as such universities 'may prefer that their relations shall remain exclusively with the state,' he cannot presume to include them. The construction of this position is not easy. If it is to be taken at its face value, then it may be said without hesitation that the conception of the function of the state university which it seemingly entertains belongs to a bygone and not to the present régime. Doubtless there are expressions and actions in the past of almost all of the state universities that would lend color to such an interpretation of their policy; but the modern state university is pre-eminently a contribution by a given state to the cause of higher education in the land; and state universities have been successful in proportion as they have acted upon this liberal interpretation of their scope and function. How much of the

older sentiment is still current, it would take a special inquiry to determine; but it would be a distinct surprise to learn that state universities *do* prefer that their relations shall remain exclusively with the state. Indeed what is most striking in regard to the activities of the leading state universities is the completeness of their parallelism to the purposes, methods, and policy of comparable institutions supported by private endowment. The *rapprochement* of the two is a notable feature of educational tendencies. It appears in the confederation of American universities bound by the common support of graduate work; it appears in every movement of a national character in higher educational thought. The particular conditions that Mr. Carnegie's bequest were especially to relieve, obtain in most typical measure in the state universities; the under-payment, the sacrifice of personal comfort, the uneasiness, the deep interest in the advancement of learning, the service often in an uncongenial and unsympathetic milieu, are on the whole nowhere to be found in more typical combination than in the service of state institutions. If it be argued that the fund set aside would not have been adequate for all American universities, and that accordingly the principle of selection was that of excluding those upon which a duty could be rather forcibly urged of providing their own pension system, the matter becomes more intelligible though less consistent with the published statement. Undoubtedly the sentiment of responsibility should be rather more readily aroused in regard to official than in regard to private service. But the present temper of legislatures does not seem favorable to this type of measure; so that no practical relief seems in sight. It will at all events be interesting to see what attitude state universities will take towards their exclusion from this bequest. The attitude is certain to be a friendly one, because of the well proved fact that movements of this kind, once inaugurated, grow; and that the provisions in one group of institutions must in the end be met by equal provisions in others of the same class. It is more to the point at present to antagonize the conception that state universities have any intention to be exclusive, or desire to remain in a separate class. Many of them have accepted extensive or modest private benefactions, and some are urging that such benefactions are indeed necessary to the extension of interest in their mission, upon which the university spirit feeds and grows.

Mr. Carnegie's gift once more calls deliberate attention to the perils of the academic life in America. The attractions of the highways to other careers advertise themselves, and leave the path that leads to the university chair rather

bare and uninviting. It requires decided determination, devotion to purpose, and belief in ideals to follow it; and defections and unrest are becoming increasingly common. Still more generally is it observed that the class of young men who are willing in spite of conspicuous discouragement to enter the ranks, does not maintain its quality. Mr. Carnegie adds his testimony to the fact that 'able men hesitate to adopt teaching as a career.' The only source of hesitation relevant to the present discussion, not by any means the only one worth discussing, is that of inadequacy of income. A most timely contribution to the matter appears in a pleasantly intimate article in the May issue of 'The Atlantic Monthly,' setting forth under the caption 'What Should College Professors Be Paid?' an itemized account of actual expenses for nine years of a teacher in one of the larger American universities. The result is that this self-sacrificing individual has actually been required to spend nearly double his average income from the university for living expenses, and so has paid some \$1400.00 annually for the privilege of teaching. What this means, when interpreted for the institutions as a whole, and for the universities throughout the land, is nothing less than the recognition of the fact that the actual supporters of our institutions of higher education have not been either the millionaires or the legislatures but the professors themselves. The writer in the 'Atlantic' concludes that an advance of about sixty per cent would be needed to supply the basis for the necessities of life to a man with an economic temperament, in the social status of the professor; which fact, if accepted, may quite well be stated by saying that for many years professors have been contributing the missing sixty per cent of their salaries to the support of the institutions for whose benefit their services were rendered. And in the aggregate this would constitute a sum fairly comparable in some cases, if not in most, with the income from other sources.

In this aspect of things the Carnegie foundation appears as a single but important step in the encouragement of the academic life through the removal of its present disadvantages. The question thus comes to the front whether a still more pointed remedy would not have been equally or even more effective, in other words some direct incentive for the provision of adequate incomes. The conditional gift is one that present-day philanthropists find convenient to their purposes of inspiring rather than of deadening endeavor. If the income from such a magnificent sum as Mr. Carnegie has devoted to the endowment of learning were offered to deserving universities upon condition that the authorities provide a certain minimum but ade-

quate income for their professors, it is not wholly idle to hope that the higher education would be as decidedly benefited as by the provision of pensions; and the effect of the infusion of new life would have been more immediately and outwardly visible. Perhaps both plans are worth a trial; and the untried method of stimulation may serve as the suggestion for further experimentation. Important as are ways and means of alleviating distress, the relief of the unfortunate condition is far more important than the manner thereof. To Mr. Carnegie belongs the honor of the first adequate recognition of the importance of the evil which he has attempted to relieve by a contribution that indicates that such a step is coördinate in value with the endowment of research or the equipment of instruction.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

THE BASIS OF LITERATURE.

When an entomologist finds a new species of insect, he writes a description of it, which is forthwith published in a technical journal. People do not read such descriptions, unless they themselves have an insect which they think may be the same. After a careful comparison between the printed words and the specimen in hand, it may appear that one has the species described, and immediately the words live again as they did in the mind of the original describer. More than this, however, the published account, viewed in the light of its manifest meaning, almost always contributes something new to the stock of ideas of the person using it.

With all literature, apparently, the same thing happens. There has to be a common factor, x , in the minds of writer and reader, which is the carrier of an uncommon factor, y . Let it be the test of literature that it contains both x and y .

Some very successful writings, in a commercial sense, owe their vogue to the fact that they reflect the minds of the readers. They gratify the common taste for regarding one's own image. Such, evidently, are not literature in our sense; the reaction, $x+x$, is a perfectly sterile one.

Other writings, rich in y , carry no x for most readers. It is notorious that the first readers of several notable works found no x therein at all, and were ready to reject them altogether. They were like descriptions of an insect no specimen of which was known to later students. It is possible that there now exist works of this character, useless to us, but veritable mines of wealth to those who have the key—the common character which we call x . In science

an interesting and suggestive case has lately come to light. One Gregor Mendel, an Austrian priest, published in 1865 a paper on heredity, as illustrated by experiments in breeding plants. This paper was ignored until 1900, but to-day it is regarded as one of the most important of all scientific writings. A better-known and equally illustrative case is that of Sprengel and his writings on insects and flowers,—laughed at in his day, but regarded as the work of a genius since Darwin showed us where to find the x .

Could there be a perfectly sterile y , carrying no x for any one? It is thinkable, but scarcely believable. Picture the man condemned as a lunatic or crank, carrying nevertheless the greatest message to mankind, which no man, now or hereafter, could ever understand. Fortunate it is, that it is possible to address posterity, so that a voice falling to-day on deaf ears may echo hereafter with pregnant meaning.

Although it is hard to believe that any y -bearing literature, if duly preserved, will always remain sterile, there is the question of its preservation. Before the days of printed books many a good idea must have gone down the wind unheeded. In these days of over many books, it is as likely to be lost in the very chaos of writing, voiceless like the man who cries against the crowd. And the worst of it is, we are by the nature of the case unable to prevent it.

Can fruitful literature ever cease to be so? As it is assimilated, the y is gradually converted into x , and in the simpler cases no residue at length remains. Whatever was there is now fully possessed by the reader, and he may not obtain fresh inspiration from that source. Thus some scientific papers, y -full in their day, have now no more than historic interest. It is the distinction of really great literature that it never loses its y -quality; the more it is used up, the more seems to flow from it, as from a perennial spring.

If the superiority of the ancient Greeks was as great as Galton has maintained, it is thinkable that their like may never again arise; and thus there might be a belated literature, which would appeal only to those whom it could never reach. Its x -ness would be extinct before it was born. One could, I think, select instances of writers who seemed to themselves to write for the past rather than for the present or future.

The best literature, evidently, is that which carries a maximum of y , with enough x to make the former fruitful. Style is clearly an x character simply, hence it cannot be the end of literature. Nevertheless, it is of the utmost

value, being the means whereby x -ness is given to the most y -some thoughts, as is very well seen in the case of William James, who can make even psychology fascinating to ordinary readers. On the other hand, y -less style is barren, at best tickling the intellectual palate.

It is useless to expect real literature to grow out of anything but mental travail. All literature is propaganda; it carries its message as from teacher to student, the teacher himself being also a student. It cannot be impartial, whether it relates to a woman's face or the theory of evolution. It must not be afraid of giving offense; indeed, it is the knight-errantry of the mind. What literature may this country and day produce? Ask, rather, what advance is it making in thought or deed, what are its aims, what tomorrow would it have? For literature is prophecy; the first fruit of the coming change, the very birth of the y -child for whom the inheritance is waiting. Will you say, against this, that the highest literature has often dealt with the oldest themes, and with matters of small import? What is it to the world that Romeo loved Juliet? Truly, nothing at all, baldly postulated; but it is the privilege of the highest genius, and that only, to really illuminate, y -wise, the events of every human life. One does not need to possess much talent to add something to the subject of beetles, but to enrich the thought of mankind on a subject of universal consideration, — that is as difficult as it is admirable.

Perhaps I am partial to science; but I venture to claim that most scientific writings, dry-as-dust if you please, are more genuinely literature than much of what is ordinarily put out as such. They contain y -elements; not, perhaps, of a very distinguished kind, but real in their way. There is no reason why science should not aspire to be the basis of a very high type of literature, but this must be the product of genius, here as elsewhere. History is as scientific as natural-history, or should be, and it has long been recognized as a field for literary effort. Ruskin did not lose his eloquence when he took to sociology, and it would be difficult to find any modern American writings worthier to be called literature than those of William James. In the belief that science has a strong and special message for this and coming generations, I would urge that new attempts should be made to give it the x -quality which may make it available literature to the people, without reducing it to the meaningless level of ordinary popular scientific writings. To this task, the best abilities may fittingly be dedicated; but courage and perseverance are as necessary as literary skill.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

The New Books.

SOUTHERN LIFE IN WAR TIME.*

Mary Boykin Chesnut was the wife of one of the most prominent of the ante-bellum southern leaders. Her relatives were all of the wealthy slaveholding class — the class that, according to the popular histories, precipitated the southern people into secession and war for the sake of slavery. The published extracts from Mrs. Chesnut's diary ought to do much to correct some false impressions that most people, southern as well as northern, now have of the old southern regime. The entries in the journal cover a period of four years, from 1861 to 1865. In its entirety the diary filled forty-eight small manuscript volumes; but for the present purpose the editors have condensed it by omitting matter of purely local interest, and they have added a sketch of the author and some explanatory notes in the text.

Written from day to day, these pages reflect the spirit of the times better, perhaps, than any other account that we have. All was grist that came to this mill. There are jokes, war anecdotes, stories of love and death, notes of conversations heard on the cars, in the streets, in ballroom, hospital, and dressing room, from women, soldiers, statesmen, spies, and negroes, descriptions of economic, social, and military conditions, and of Confederate politics. Nearly every noted man or woman of the Confederacy contributes a conversation or an opinion, which Mrs. Chesnut records and comments upon. It was not a private journal, but lay open upon the parlor table and was read by any friend who cared to see what had been written. The style is crisp and bright, and the tone frank and good tempered. 'I praise whom I love and abuse whom I hate,' says Mrs. Chesnut, but there is little abuse in her pages. It is interesting to note the difference between South Carolina and Virginia in regard to social position. 'Until we came here [Richmond] we had never heard of our social position,' Mrs. Chesnut wrote; 'we do not know how to be rude to people who call. To talk of social position seems vulgar. Down our way that sort of thing was settled one way or another beyond a peradventure, like the earth and sky. We never gave it a thought. We talked to whom we pleased, and if they were not *comme il faut*, we were ever so much more polite to the poor things.'

* A DIARY FROM DIXIE. As written by Mary Boykin Chesnut, wife of James Chesnut, Jr., United States Senator from South Carolina, 1859-1861, and afterward an Aide to Jefferson Davis and a Brigadier General in the Confederate Army. Edited by Isabella D. Martin and Myrta Lockett Avery. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

As the comments of one in closest touch with political affairs and possessing the confidence of the leading Confederates, Mrs. Chesnut's remarks upon secession are most interesting. Certainly nearly all of the people whom she knew were loath to secede,—the men to leave high positions, the women to give up social prestige. If we may trust her judgment, the southern leaders were slow to secede and somewhat despondent as to the future. The people, however, were enthusiastic, though 'complaining bitterly of slow and lukewarm public leaders.' President Davis was denounced in 1861 as 'no seceder,' and in 1862 some one accused him of 'not being out of the Union yet.' 'Lord! how he must have hated to do it,' is the comment of the diarist when Judge Campbell resigned and came south. After the Confederacy was formed the general desire was for peace, and many hoped for re-union. When Mrs. Chesnut heard the cannonade at Sumter, she says, 'I prayed as I never prayed before.' The future seemed gloomy. Davis told her to be ready for a long war; Treseott and Stephens had little hope of success; the army officers declared that the North was overwhelmingly superior in resources; and, in 1862, Yancey came home from England and reported 'not one jot of hope.' Decidedly the chieftains dampened enthusiasm, but the average people were sanguine.

There was complaint that half-hearted men had secured the high places, and intrigue and jealousy were rife in Montgomery and Richmond as in Washington. Mason and Yancey were criticised as not being the proper persons to send abroad. The enemies of Davis seemed willing to ruin the cause in order to injure him. Spies were allowed to come and go almost without check, and Congress and the newspapers could keep no secrets. So run the comments. Mrs. Chesnut has small respect for the enemies of Davis and their 'virulent nonsense,' and when the end draws near she declares that 'the soldiers have done their duty' but 'the Confederacy has been done to death by the politicians.' The stubbornness of Davis and Johnson, the slowness of Longstreet, the rashness of Hood,—all come in for keen criticism. But for the Lees, father and sons, there is nothing but admiration. General Lee is to her 'the very first man in all the world,' 'so cold, quiet, and grand,' and she notes that at the height of his fame he wished only for a Virginia farm with fresh cream and 'unlimited fried chicken.' Of his son, when he spoke well of General Butler, she remarks 'the Lees are men enough to speak the truth of friend or enemy, fearing not the consequences.' An observation worth mentioning was that the political and military lead-

ers of the Confederacy were Scotch and Scotch-Irish, and not of the planting class,—'our planters are nice fellows, but slow to move.' This daughter of South Carolina thinks that the southerners of the East bore privation and discipline better than those of the West.

The negroes knew very well what the war was about, and some of the southern people were in fear of slave uprisings. All during the war Mrs. Chesnut watched the blacks closely. She states that while some of them were 'furiously patriotic' and wanted to enlist and fight for their masters, the great majority were profoundly indifferent, 'utterly apathetic' as late as 1865, showing the influence of the war spirit only in 'increased diligence and absolute silence.' The only sign of feeling was displayed by the better class of house servants, some of whom assumed stately airs, and 'contrived to keep from speaking to us,' though attentive to duties. The planters found great difficulty in supporting their negroes while no cotton was being sold and prices of supplies were high. Some planters were ruined by this expense. When the end came there was joy at freedom among the negroes, yet most of them went on plowing and hoeing as usual. The disorder came later.

Slavery, it has been said, was the cornerstone of the Confederacy. So it was, as the non-slaveholders and the lesser slaveholders and the poorer classes saw it. But Mrs. Chesnut's diary bears repeated evidence that to the hereditary slaveholders the institution had become an intolerable burden and responsibility, and to these emancipation came as a relief.

It is on the subject of negroes and slavery that Mrs. Chesnut's diary will prove most valuable to historians, but the general reader will be chiefly interested in the accounts of the home life of the beleaguered people. There was feasting and dancing in the early days of the war, 'starvation parties' and dancing during the latter part, and love-making and marriages all the time. There were brides dressed in coarse Confederate gray, bridesmaids in black, and guests in 'four year old finery.' A new book was 'a pleasing incident in this life of monotonous misery.' The home people were seeking distraction from sorrow. 'Hope and fear are both gone and it is distraction or death. . . . If it would do any good we would be sad enough.' 'An open grave with piles of red earth thrown on one side; that is the only future I see.' As the years wore on, and the death roll of fathers, sons, husbands, and sweethearts grew longer, women died silently of grief. 'Our best and bravest are under the sod,' writes Mrs. Chesnut, 'we are hard as stones; we sit unmoved and

hear any bad news.' 'Can't say why — may be I am benumbed — but I do not feel so intensely miserable.' And so the end came.

WALTER L. FLEMING.

REASON IN HUMAN CONDUCT.*

Professor Santayana of Harvard University has the unusual gift of being able to make literature out of philosophy, without apparently finding it necessary to dilute the latter in the process. He has already deserved well of both the philosophical and the general public, but his projected work on 'The Life of Reason' is by far the most elaborate and important enterprise that he has yet attempted. Indeed it promises to constitute in some ways one of the distinctive contributions to philosophy of the last few decades. It is, to begin with, more encyclopædic in its scope than anything of the kind recently issued. The five volumes that are proposed will deal respectively with Reason in Common Sense, Reason in Society, Reason in Religion, Reason in Art, and Reason in Science; of these the first two have already appeared. Furthermore, the work may be regarded as the first attempt to give any systematic expression to that new group of tendencies which, under the name of Pragmatism, or Humanism, is causing a ferment in the philosophical world at the present time. The movement has been so confused and groping hitherto, that any effort to give greater precision to its outlines is to be welcomed. But to Professor Santayana's work is due not merely the commendation that belongs to a pioneer attempt; its own positive quality is so good that it can afford to stand on its inherent merits. And while it is too early to predict whether or not it will be accepted generally by the Pragmatists as a satisfactory presentation of their apparently somewhat divergent views, it cannot fail to influence in a marked way the future course of discussion.

It is not to be supposed that the full burden of Professor Santayana's thought will yield itself easily to the casual reader. It is in parts, especially in the first volume, hard reading, as any fundamental inquiry must be; and the difficulty is not greatly lessened (one suspects that it may perhaps even be increased a little in places) by the literary charm and poetic suggestion of the style. Nevertheless the qualities that lie on the surface will make these volumes attractive to almost any one who cares for vital and penetrating criticism applied to human life.

* THE LIFE OF REASON. Or, The Phases of Human Progress. By George Santayana. Volume I., Introduction and Reason in Common Sense. Volume II., Reason in Society. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The statement that the work is encyclopædic in the nature of its treatment should not suggest anything of the ponderousness that usually goes along with a philosophical survey of human reason. These attractive little volumes suggest the literary essayist rather than the systematic philosopher. And indeed they may be looked at as a series of connected essays, in which the salient aspects of experience stand out in relief, treated in a suggestive rather than an exhaustive way, and made the centre of a play of illuminating and sometimes brilliant comment, from a mind keen, original, and in possession of a single clearly-defined and fruitful point of view. Therefore whether one accepts, or even wholly understands, the large doctrine of the work, he will be likely to enjoy the many relatively independent discussions of detail scattered through its pages. The sustained freshness of the treatment is rather remarkable. Of course there is much that is not new; but almost invariably the treatment escapes any suspicion of the stale and commonplace. This is due in part to the closeness of the touch that is kept with concrete and first hand experience, and in part it is to be put to the credit of the writer's literary gift, — if indeed the two are not in a measure one. Even in the more abstruse discussions, we are made constantly aware that we have to do with the interpretation of actual conscious experiences, and furthermore that these are not intellectual contents simply, but are also in every case the expression of subtle emotional reactions toward life. And Professor Santayana is notably successful in the very difficult task of making language suggest these most elusive and baffling implications of experience.

For one, therefore, who is willing also to think, the work is essentially readable throughout. It is full of keen insight wedded to apt expression. Take these sentences for example: 'Fanaticism consists in redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim.' 'There is nothing sweeter than to be sympathized with, while nothing requires a rarer intellectual heroism than the willingness to see one's equation written out.' 'Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.' 'Activity does not consist in velocity of change, but in constancy of purpose.' 'There is nothing cheaper than idealism. It can be had by merely not observing the ineptitude of our chance prejudices, and by declaring that the first rhymes that have struck our ear are the eternal and necessary harmonies of the world.' And the description of metaphysics as the 'love affairs of the understanding.' Most of the especially felicitous passages, however, are too long to quote here.

Any brief summary of Professor Santayana's philosophical doctrine must needs be bald and inadequate, giving but a slight idea of its suggestiveness or of the importance of the questions that it raises. Reason is described as vital impulse modified by reflection and veering in sympathy with judgments pronounced on the past. It involves two sides, therefore, either of which may exist in relative independence of the other. Underlying it as its ultimate presupposition are the dark, irrational depths of blind feeling and impulse. But to bring out of this anything that we can call experience or progress, anything whatever that has conscious meaning or value, it is necessary that brute sense existence should get an ideal dimension. Feelings must be attached to ideas; instincts must become in some degree conscious of their ends. So, again, the life of ideas, of imagination, may exist parasitically in a man, hardly touching his action or environment. A dream is always simmering below the conventional surface of speech and reflection, and there may well be intense consciousness in the total absence of rationality. Such consciousness is suggested in dreams and in madness, and for all we know it may be found in the depths of universal nature. Reason and humanity begin with the union of instinct and ideation, when instinct becomes enlightened, establishes values in its objects, and is turned from a process into an art, while at the same time consciousness becomes practical and cognitive, beginning to contain some symbol or record of the coördinate realities among which it arises. The Life of Reason is the happy marriage of two elements, impulse and ideation, which if wholly divorced would reduce man to a brute or to a maniac. The rational animal is generated by the union of these two monsters. He is constituted by ideas that have ceased to be visionary and actions that have ceased to be vain.

Ideals are thus the very stuff of rational life. The physical world itself is nothing but an instrument to explain sensations and their order, an ideal term used to mark, and as it were to justify, the adhesion in space and recurrence in time of recognizable groups of sensations. No doubt there is some ambiguity in calling this ideal, since we ordinarily set it off from ideals in the narrower sense as constituting the natural conditions from which ideals spring and on which they depend; still the origin of both is the same in principle. Such conditions have already been formulated in the constructions of a mechanical science. These are therefore to be accepted by philosophy frankly, as the necessary presuppositions to be recognized in the effort to satisfy our preferences in that world of values which is the dwelling place of relig-

ion and art and the other spiritual interests of man.

While truth certainly exists, then, if existence be not too mean an attribute for that eternal realm that is tenanted by ideals, it is repugnant to physical or psychical being. Truth means not sensible fact, but valid ideation, verified hypothesis, and inevitable and stable inference. Reason is no active force, but merely a method by which objects of desire are compared in reflection. For the impelling and directive force we must needs fall back upon the magical involuntary nature of life; it is subterranean, deep beneath the realm of ideas and conscious intent. Attention simply registers, and watches the images bubbling up in the living mind and the processes evolving there. Consciousness is a sort of ritual solemnizing, by prayer, jubilation, or mourning, the chief episodes in the body's fortunes. Spirit is thus useless, being the end of things; but it is not vain, since it alone rescues all else from vanity, by giving to it whatever of value it possesses.

The aim of philosophy is of course not to manufacture ideals, but to interpret them. The problem is to unite a trustworthy conception of the conditions under which man lives with an adequate conception of his ideal interests. There are two kinds of mistakes that we may make, as has been implied already. The scientific radical is so proud of having got rid of the obsolete machinery of past ideals that he remains entangled in the colossal error that the ideal itself is something adventitious and unmeaning, not having a soil in mortal life or a possible fulfillment there. The mistakes to which the idealist is inclined are of an opposite sort. He may forget that he is dealing with the product of the poetic imagination, and may try to materialize it, to turn it, as popular religion does, into a statement of existence, which he substitutes for the natural world out of which it springs. Or he may in another way lose sight of the connection between the ideal and the real, and deny or frown upon the natural conditions with reference to which alone the ideal has meaning. For what are ideals about, what do they idealize, except natural existence and natural passions? The soul is but the voice of the body's interests. Every phase of the ideal world emanates from the natural and loudly proclaims its origin by the interest it takes in natural existence, of which it gives a rational interpretation. To adjust all demands to one ideal and adjust that ideal to its natural conditions,—this is the 'steadfast art of living,' the Life of Reason.

With such a conception as this for his starting point, Professor Santayana has of necessity the task set for him to render his general principles in terms of the concrete facts of human

life; and to this the remaining four volumes — of which 'Reason in Society' is the first — are to be devoted. While 'Reason in Society' is much more easily digested by the reader without a technical philosophical training than the introductory volume, it is a question whether it quite fulfils the promise of its predecessor. Several of the chapters in the first book are really notable contributions to speculative thought. 'Reason in Society' somehow strikes one as less forcible and well-rounded, less adequate to the theme. Nevertheless, it is a thoroughly interesting book. The first chapter — on Love — is possibly the most characteristic, and lends itself more readily to the author's peculiar gifts. Then follow chapters on The Family, on Industry, Government and War, The Aristocratic Ideal, Democracy, Free Society, Patriotism, and Ideal Society. On all these subjects something clear-cut and interesting is said; and though the treatment is perhaps marked by a certain not wholly pleasant character of aloofness and a failure in full-blooded human sympathy, its keen analysis and criticism of social ideals is bracing and salutary, in view of the dangerous power that a sentimental conventionalism has to obscure our recognition of social facts as they really are.

Nevertheless one may read and admire, and still not be convinced that such a Positivism as these volumes represent is a final philosophical creed. It is acutely reasoned, with clear consciousness of the issues involved; and if true it would vastly simplify the problems of philosophy. But will these admit of such a simplification? There may be more to be said than the author will allow against reducing the objects of our spiritual experience without remainder to the ideal, as opposed to so-called real, existence. The question turns partly upon the conclusiveness of certain philosophical reasonings, partly on our estimates of values; and this is not the place to consider either. But one may be permitted to doubt whether the embodiment in terms of a real existence which (somewhat inconsequentially, it might appear) is allowed its right when the conception of other human selves is concerned, is after all to be ruled out so sharply in the case of God and Nature. And once admitted into the scheme of things at all, one may still more seriously question whether a right human attitude will allow the thoroughgoing subordination of persons to ideals which Professor Santayana's 'Reason in Society' throughout involves. At least this will seem to some readers a fundamental weakness of the book, however difficult it might be found to establish a contrary creed.

A. K. ROGERS.

ITALIAN BY-WAYS.*

Of the many Americans who flock to Italy each year, the very large majority stick to what has been called the American trail of travel, visiting Naples, Rome, Florence, Siena, Venice, Milan, with perhaps a glimpse of the Umbrian towns of Assisi and Perugia, or Orvieto by the way. Comparatively few leave the beaten paths to explore the fascinating country villages, to follow up the course of some of the small streams, or to climb on foot or on donkey-back the steep hills to some little settlement perched forever beyond the approach of any wagon track, and there to stop long enough to see something of the life lived by its quaint people. Yet he who does not do this, who does not penetrate into the bypaths and make the acquaintance of the Italians on their native heath, never really knows Italy. The two-months tourist on his return discourses eloquently indeed on Italian life and character, based upon an acquaintance with shop-keepers, hotel-clerks, cabmen, and beggars. His generalizations are about as valuable as one that should be made in America from an exclusive acquaintance with our corresponding classes, by some one who had never met an educated American, who had never been inside an American home, and who understood only enough of our language to count our money and discuss the weather.

As a matter of fact, Italy does not wear her heart on her sleeve, even for those who are most alive to her charms. To enter into a real comprehension of her life requires a very long residence. The customs, the occupations, and the social conditions that lie at the base of Italian civilization are so different from our own as to be often really puzzling. Mrs. Janet Ross, an Englishwoman living for thirty-five years in Florence or its neighborhood, has written many charming books helpful to an understanding of Italy and now offers us a collection of short articles under the general title 'Old Florence and Modern Tuscany.' There are fifteen papers in all, and most of them have had previous publication in the English magazines. They deal with such fascinating subjects as Popular Songs in Tuscany, Vintaging in Tuscany, Oil-Making, Virgil and Agriculture, Land Tenure, etc. The general impression one gets from the book is the same that one gets from travel in the country itself, — the happiness of the *contadino* class, amid con-

* OLD FLORENCE AND MODERN TUSCANY. By Janet Ross. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE MEDICI BALLS. Seven Little Journeys in Tuscany. By Anna R. Sheldon and M. Moyca Newell. Illustrated. New York: The Charterhouse Press.

ITALIAN BACKGROUNDS. By Edith Wharton. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ditions that to us seem full of hardship. The paternal system known as *mezzeria* or half-and-half land-tenure, prevails, based on an equal division between landowner and peasant of everything the soil produces. Dating back to the palmy days of the Roman Republic and having undergone many vicissitudes, it still exists in spite of occasional efforts to abolish it. That Italy has no wish to copy our own conditions is shown by the argument of Signor Lambroschini, quoted by Mrs. Ross.

'If you abolish *mezzeria*, all those families who, though poor, have a roof they can call their own, a field they can call theirs, and a master they love and bless; who, toiling and watching under rain and sun, hope and pray to God for abundant crops for themselves and for their master, will for the first time feel the pangs of envy and hatred, the shame and despair of being forced to beg, and to wait for work. At the same time we shall learn to dread meetings and strikes such as occur in France and England, the destruction of agricultural machinery, the burning of ricks, barefaced robbery and—the last and miserable remedy—the poor-tax.'

Like all human institutions, however, *mezzeria* has two sides. Over against the community of interest it establishes between proprietor and peasant, may be set the fact that it is a bar to agricultural progress, but the old-established custom of helping the workers to tide over a bad year bears its fruits, and socialism has no followers among the *contadini*.

Less practical, but more picturesque and poetic, than Mrs. Ross's book is the work entitled 'The Medici Balls,' written by two American women who also have known Italy as residents, and not as mere tourists. The title is a bit far-fetched; having made seven little journeys in Tuscany and 'in all their travels, even in lanes and modest farm houses, having found themselves under the aegis of the powerful banker-princes of Florence,' they call their account of these seven journeys 'The Medici Balls,' from the seven balls on the shield as worn by Piero de' Medici when the Medicean supremacy was at its height. The places visited are The Mugello, Prato, Chianti and the Impruneta, Lucca, Pistoja, the Hills of Brancoli, and Barga. It is the illustrations quite as much as the text that make the charm of this book. Nearly all of these pictures, numbering more than one hundred, are quite new, being taken by the travellers' own kodak. Olive orchards and vineyards and trellised vines, the large, white, violet-eyed Tuscan oxen driven by kindly-faced peasants; walled towns, towers, and fortresses; peasants and priests faring along winding lanes; straw-plaiters, with busy fingers weaving in front of cottage doors,—all those scenes that one sees continually in Italy and nowhere else in

the world,—making a charming portfolio of studies to be enjoyed by all, but most by those who can fill in the pictures by memory of the golden touch of sun and color and fragrance with which the real Italy caresses all.

Like the two pleasant volumes just noticed, Mrs. Edith Wharton's 'Italian Backgrounds' is a collection of impressions and essays about Italy. But while the others are books merely, this is literature. Through this traveller's story runs a fine thread of scholarship, of *savoir faire*, of cosmopolitanism, not easily to be matched in travel-literature. The reader's pulse quickens with an artistic pleasure such as might be aroused by a novel by Thackeray or George Eliot, or an essay by Matthew Arnold or Lowell. The book has what we call distinction of style, as impossible to resist as to define.

Whither Mrs. Wharton goes, and what are the subjects of her chapters, it is not important to mention. Any particular geography is not the point in question when the guide is one so steeped in the spirit of the land in which anything may happen save the dull, the obvious, and the expected. If in Mrs. Wharton's pages we do not see Italy steadily and see it whole, we do a better thing,—we trust ourselves to a stream of impressions and memories that is much more inspiring than any mere observation. Indeed, had Mrs. Wharton been practical and well-advised, some of her most delightful experiences would have been lacking. For example, everyone would recommend for August an Alpine village rather than an Italian journey; at Splügen is not the air pure and fresh and cool? But Splügen was guilty of the unforgivable offence of being too near Italy.

'One can forgive a place three thousand miles from Italy for not being Italian; but that a village on the very border should remain stolidly, immovably Swiss was a constant source of exasperation. Even the landscape had neglected its opportunities. . . . Was it better to be cool and look at a waterfall, or be hot and look at St. Mark's? Was it better to walk on gentians or on mosaic, to smell fir-needles or incense? Was it, in short, ever well to be elsewhere when one might be in Italy?'

Everyone who has invented excuses for going to Italy, or for postponing departure from it, will foresee what happened.

'We tried to quell the rising madness by interrogating the travellers. Was it very hot on the lakes and in Milan? "Terribly," they answered, and mopped their brows. "Unimaginative idiots!" we grumbled, and forebore to question the next batch. Of course it was hot there—but what of that? . . . Gradually we began to picture our sensations should we take seats in the diligence on its return journey. From that moment we were lost . . . The two diligences have the silent square to themselves. There they stand, side by side in dusty slumber, till the morning cow-bells wake them to departure. One goes back to Thusis; to the

region of good hotels, pure air and scenic platitudes. It may go empty for all we care. But the other . . . the other wakes from its Alpine sleep to climb the cold pass at sunrise and descend by hot windings into the land where the church steeples turn into *campanili*, where the vine, breaking from perpendicular bondage, flings a liberated embrace about the mulberries, and far off, beyond the plain, the mirage of domes and spires, of painted walls and sculptured altars, beckons across the dustiest tracts of memory. In that diligence our seats are taken.'

To make any new artistic discovery in Italy at this late day, would seem hardly likely. But such was Mrs. Wharton's joyful experience. At San Vivaldo, a secluded monastery somewhat difficult of access, she found a series of pictures representing the Via Crucis, having only a local fame but usually ascribed to Gonnelli of the seventeenth century. This late origin, Mrs. Wharton's keen sense for the characteristics of the different periods of Italian art rejected at once. The treatment was seen to be that of an artist trained in an earlier tradition. The careful modelling of the hands, the quiet grouping, free from effort and agitation, the simple draperies, the devotional expression of the faces, all pointed to the latter part of the fifteenth century. Expert testimony has since confirmed the author's opinion at every point, and a beautiful photogravure of a group from 'The Crucifixion,' placed as a frontispiece to this volume, enables the reader to judge for himself. How many such 'finds' may yet await in Italian by-ways, who shall say? Certain it is that our new faculty for the differentiation of styles in painting is rapidly doing away with our unquestioned allegiance to authority and pushing many of the old attributions to the wall.

The temptation to quote from a book of such fine flavor as this of Mrs. Wharton's is great but must be resisted. The delicate and sympathetic drawings made by Mr. E. C. Peixotto are worthy illustrations of the text. Although it is true, as Mrs. Wharton says, that 'there is no short cut to an intimacy with Italy,' still a book like her own is something for which to be grateful as an alluring, though roundabout, way.

ANNA BENNESON McMAHAN.

PIONEERS OF WESTERN EXPLORATION.*

In her volume entitled 'Pathfinders of the West' Miss Agnes Laut, one of that brilliant little group of Canadians who are so creditably upholding the intellectual reputation of their country in New York, adds another and a very delightful volume to the growing literature of early western exploration. This is the story

* *PATHFINDERS OF THE WEST.* By A. C. Laut. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

of the romantic and adventurous lives of Radisson, LaVérendrye, Hearne, Mackenzie, and Lewis and Clark. Above all it is the story of Radisson, in whose behalf Miss Laut unhesitatingly challenges the giant form of established opinion. In her 'Foreword' she says:

'The question will at once occur why no mention is made of Marquette and Jolliet and La Salle in a work on the pathfinders of the West. The simple answer is—they were not pathfinders. Contrary to the notions imbibed at school, and repeated in all histories of the West, Marquette, Jolliet, and La Salle did not discover the vast region beyond the Great Lakes. Twelve years before these explorers had thought of visiting the land which the French hunter designated as the Pays d'en Haut, the West had already been discovered by the most intrepid voyageurs that France produced,—men whose wide-ranging explorations exceeded the achievements of Cartier and Champlain and La Salle put together.'

Thus Miss Laut throws down the gauntlet to the historians, and we learn from the 'Addendum' to her 'Foreword' that her statements have already been challenged, and sharply challenged, from all parts of the country.

The author's explanation of the long oblivion obscuring the names of Sieur Pierre Esprit Radisson and his fellow-explorer Ménard Chouart Groseillers, is this:

'Radisson and Groseillers defied, first New France, then Old France, and lastly England. While on friendly terms with the church, they did not make their explorations subservient to the propagation of the faith. In consequence, they were ignored by both Church and State.'

After citing the original sources from which she has drawn the material for her narrative, Miss Laut proceeds:

'The historians of France and England, animated by the hostility of their respective governments, either slurred over the discoveries of Radisson and Groseillers entirely, or blackened their memories without the slightest regard to truth. It would, in fact, take a large volume to contradict and disprove half the lies written of these two men. Instead of consulting contemporaneous documents,—which would have entailed both cost and labor,—modern writers have, unfortunately, been satisfied to serve up a rehash of the detractions written by the old historians. In 1885 came a discovery that punished such slovenly methods by practically wiping out the work of the pseudo-historians. There was found in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and Hudson's Bay House, London, an unmistakably authentic record of Radisson's voyages, written by himself.'

Having thus dug down to the solid rock of contemporaneous documents, Miss Laut proceeds to build up her story with consummate skill. One can conceive that even the romantic story of Pierre Esprit Radisson might, in some hands, have been made dry and uninteresting. As here told it is fascinating to the last degree. Miss Laut brings to her work not only the historian's tireless search for truth, but as well the fire and imagination and creative power of

a novelist and poet. Her work is not merely authentic, and founded, as history must always be founded, on the original documents, but it is vivified by the touch of an artist. The dry bones of fragmentary narratives have been breathed upon, and the man Radisson, with all his faults and all his virtues, stands before us.

Dr. Dionne of Quebec, Dr. Bryce of Winnipeg, and above all the veteran historian of French Canada, Benjamin Sulte, whose 'destructive criticism of inaccuracies in old and modern records has done so much to stop people writing history out of their heads and to put research on an honest basis,' have from time to time combated the long-established prejudice against Radisson and the authenticity of his western and northern explorations, but it remained for Miss Laut to present his case so vividly and attractively that it becomes a positive pleasure to be convinced.

It is not necessary to assume that every one, whether competent to form an authoritative opinion or otherwise, must accept unreservedly all Miss Laut's conclusions. There will doubtless still remain in many minds moot points in connection with Radisson's third and fourth voyages. Nevertheless, it may be said without fear of serious contradiction that Miss Laut has established her main contentions—that Radisson discovered the North-West, as well as the overland route to Hudson's Bay,—and that she has done more than any other writer to rehabilitate the memory of the explorer in the minds of all unprejudiced people.

'There is no need to point out Radisson's faults. They are written on his life without extenuation or excuse, so that all may read. There is less need to eulogize his virtues. They declare themselves in every act of his life. This, only, should be remembered. Like all enthusiasts, Radisson could not have been a hero, if he had not been a bit of a fool. If he had not had his faults, if he had not been as impulsive, as daring, as reckless, as inconstant, as improvident of the morrow, as a savage or a child, he would not have accomplished the exploration of half a continent. Men who weigh consequences are not of the stuff to win empires. Had Radisson haggled as to the means, he would have missed or muddled the end. He went ahead; and when the way did not open, he went round, or crawled over, or carved his way through.'

Only those who have groped their way slowly and painfully through the extraordinary mazes of Radisson's English, in the original narratives*, can properly appreciate the charm of Miss Laut's version. While maintaining in every particular the spirit of the original, and even some of its quaint phraseology, she has

* Here is a sample, taken from the narrative of the fourth voyage: "They [the Octanacks] are the coursedest unablist, the unfamous and cowardiest people that I have seene amongst fower score nations that I have frequented." One gathers, at any rate, that Radisson did not think much of the Octanacks.

condensed here, expanded there, interpreted elsewhere, and thrown over the whole the glamor of romance, until the narrative stands out as a clear, compact, and most graphic story.

Of the remainder of Miss Laut's book limitations of space forbid more than the briefest mention. While by no means so important as contributions to history, her accounts of La Vérendrye's quest of the far-famed Western Sea, of Samuel Hearne's search for the Northwest Passage, of Mackenzie's splendid exploits in pushing his way north to the Arctic, and then crossing the Rockies (the first White Man) to the Pacific, and of the notable expedition of Lewis and Clark, are marked by the same clearness of statement and charm of style that we have already noted in the Radisson story.

It only remains to note the number and quality of the illustrations with which the narratives are so plentifully supplied. They number some sixty in all, and many of them are from old and rare prints, hitherto inaccessible.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOOD FORTUNE.*

There is something essentially modern in a moral philosophy that preaches salvation through good fortune. For centuries the Stoic has had an acknowledgment of merit entirely denied to the Epicurean. The Church teaches the blessedness of renunciation, penance, and asceticism; Kant, apart from the Church, builds his philosophy on the doctrine of original sin, and finds redemption only in a conscious intellectual struggle against inherent human weakness and imperfection. Even Tolstoy and Maeterlinck advocate the return to Nature that implies the inferiority of all man-made devices for enriching life. It remains for the twentieth century moralists to develop a system that advocates nothing unpleasant, that takes for granted no innate and unconquerable sinfulness in man, and that offers a scheme of life based upon a secure belief in the ultimate perfection of the race through its own effort.

The growth of this idea has been synchronous with the supplementing of the economic doctrine of individual rights by the broader one of social rights, and the development from involuntary social coöperation to voluntary and conscious coöperation. The new moral code is, in fact, an outgrowth of the new code of social economics. The same methods of reasoning that justified the conclusion that child-labor was economic waste prove that child-labor is

* THE CHILDREN OF GOOD FORTUNE. An Essay in Morals. By C. Hanford Henderson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

equally moral waste; the same theory that denies to a nation a strength greater than the strength of its component parts denies to a community a social welfare exceeding the good fortune of the individual members of the community.

One of the leading American advocates of the new philosophy is Mr. C. Hanford Henderson, whose 'Education and the Larger Life' marked an epoch in literature of its class. In that book, published almost three years ago, Mr. Henderson developed the educational side of the question, using the term education not in its narrow technical sense but to signify the entire process of human development from the cradle to the grave. He advocated such a training of the senses as would lead to the highest and most complete expression. His ideal of education was that which resulted in the greatest bodily strength, intellectual receptivity, and spiritual insight. To this he added the idea of efficiency,—the power to put into successful practice the newly acquired knowledge of what was worth while.

This unity of worth and efficiency as a definite moral standard is the theme of Mr. Henderson's latest book, 'The Children of Good Fortune.' The author states his case thus:

'To apply morality in the concerns of the individual life is to adopt religion. It is to become the highest type of man, the philosopher artist, for the philosopher is the man of clear vision, the believer in cause and effect, the one who sees in what happiness essentially consists; and the artist is the doer, the man who carries cause and effect into beneficent action, and practically realizes happiness. The philosopher represents worth of ends and the artist efficiency of means. The moral person must be a combination of the two, the man who knows and the man who does. He must be competent and he must be wise. If he be neither of these, or only one of them, he is not moral, no matter what his calling or pretensions, no matter what he thinks of himself or others think of him, no matter what his family or possessions. The man who demands success of himself demands a great deal, but if he ask less he is not in earnest in his search for the moral life.'

Even Browning never preached so rigid a doctrine as that.

Mr. Henderson has little sympathy with fruitless good intentions. Frankly and uncompromisingly he blames desert for unsuccess. Worth of ends without efficiency of means he condemns as 'the immorality of the second-best,' just as completely as he condemns the converse. With characteristic humor he writes: 'One would prefer to strike for heaven and make only a few steps on the journey, rather than to set out for Hoboken and get there. But the fact remains that it would have been still better to have made Heaven.'

Nor is Mr. Henderson content with static goodness as a worthy end. To him the good life, that which represents good fortune, must be palpitating, vital, experimental. There is no virtue in inexperience.

'It is a curiously inverted view of morals, the view which regards as praiseworthy those narrow, inexperienced, poverty-stricken souls whose slender virtue consists in the evil they have omitted to do. To renounce the world, to renounce life, to renounce the self,—this is not the path of the moral life. The timid little souls who live in a corner and keep out of harm's way by keeping out of the way of good, are not moral persons. They are not even harmless, for by their cowardice they inspire others with a similar lack of courage. Resignation, renunciation, self-sacrifice, asceticism, monasticism, all the cheap devices by which men and women abdicate life, are as unsound morally as the more amusing devices by which men and women abuse life.'

This radical denunciation of the doctrine of self-sacrifice, which we have been accustomed to regard as the basis of morality, seemed revolutionary when it was first met in 'Education and the Larger Life.' It was a part of the conventional creed that had been taught for generations, and that received respect for its age if for nothing else. The only way for Mr. Henderson to redeem his fault was for him to offer, in place of the doctrine he so boldly discarded, some new code of deeper worth and greater efficiency in creating happy human beings and a better state. This he has done in his 'Children of Good Fortune.'

For self-sacrifice, Mr. Henderson substitutes self-realization; for renunciation, that eager seeking after good fortune which promotes both individual happiness and social welfare. To him good fortune is not 'a tangible possession, to be mentioned in one's last will and testament, and subject to the inheritance tax.' It is an individual ideal, varying according to a man's possession of the human wealth of strength, beauty, accomplishment, and goodness. To one it is health, to another fame, wealth to a third, and knowledge to a fourth. It is that which the individual man most wants.

'Good fortune is a personal possession, an affair of consciousness. However a man comes by it, it must be his own ideal of good fortune. For no man can follow a light which he does not see. The tragedy of life comes in large part from the persistent attempt to force our own ideas down our neighbor's throat. The pathos of life comes in large part from his too amiable compliance, his vain attempt to follow a light he does not see. If we ourselves have found the light, or believe that we have, let us by all means try to reveal it to our brother. If he share our confidence in believing that we have a light not yet perceived by him, let him by all means try to catch sight of the beatific vision. But, meanwhile, let us be ourselves, both me and my brother, the sincere followers of such light as we genuinely have.'

The chief necessity for the achievement of this good fortune, next to the ambition to achieve it, is freedom. We are all bound to a greater or less extent by the tyranny of circumstance, hampered by bodily weakness, mental or manual incapacity, the accident of birth. There seems, in the nature of things, no way to escape from these marks of our humanity, although determined effort may lessen the evils entailed. But there is a freedom that any state may well attain when there are within it enough individuals who desire this as a part of their good fortune. That is the mingling of the anarchist ideal of non-interference and the socialist ideal of opportunity, which shall still leave to the individual his initiative while securing to him the nearest possible release from the tyranny of things. This is only another instance of the unity of social welfare and individual good fortune. Every man who desires such freedom in his own life and works to secure it for himself helps to give it to those more helplessly bound, to raise the standard of general good fortune. Summing up his arguments in favor of the new philosophy, Mr. Henderson writes:

'To save myself,—and therefore to save that part of society for which I am directly responsible,—I must do three things. I must blot out all impulses and desires that are evil. It is negative work, rather a dull sort of weeding in the garden of the heart, and not calculated to arouse any great enthusiasm, but it is very necessary. Then I must cultivate the impulses and desires that are good, make habits of them, for the garden devoid of wheat is hardly better than a garden full of tares. Finally I must work, not merely for good fortune, for happiness, but for high good fortune, for great happiness. I want not only to be saved from evil and to attain good, but I want the largest good, the most welfare.'

It is this insatiable greed for happiness, this longing for more and ever more good fortune, which all of Mr. Henderson's work breathes, that makes it inspiring and effective. It satisfies a natural human instinct,—the desire to believe that happiness is righteousness and that every man possesses within himself that power of personal salvation that shall be also the salvation of the race. Mr. Henderson's books, moreover, are not written from strange heights which none but the moral philosopher can scale. They are clear and simple, showing a rare first-hand knowledge of the larger life. They combine to an unusual extent the attitudes of the observer and the experimentalist; they are at once dispassionate and enthusiastic. It is easy to predict for 'The Children of Good Fortune' a welcome equal to that accorded to 'Education and the Larger Life,' and one equally deserved.

EDITH J. R. ISAACS.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The 'White Peril' in the Orient. Since the Boxer uprising of five years ago much has been made of the so-called 'yellow peril' and of the alleged necessity that rests upon western peoples to exercise eternal vigilance to protect themselves against a threatened gigantic outburst of Oriental savagery and lust of conquest. It has remained for Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, in his recent book on 'The White Peril in the Far East' (Revell), to turn matters around and consider the relations of Orient and Occident exclusively from the standpoint of the traditions and interests of the former. That Dr. Gulick is entirely competent to speak upon the subject no one can doubt who has read his deservedly popular volume on 'The Evolution of the Japanese.' After seventeen years of constant intercourse with men in all stations in Japan he is able to give us, not only a highly interesting interpretation of the fundamental character of Japanese civilization and life, but also a thoroughly convincing statement of the attitude of the Japanese toward the outside world to-day, especially as revealed in the conduct of the war with Russia. This, indeed, is the main purport of the book,—to show how Japan attained the power, material and temperamental, to face and conquer the Muscovite, and to explain the significance of the war as 'an act in the tragedy of the white peril.' By the white peril Dr. Gulick means at bottom the proneness of western nations to force the peoples of the Orient out of their natural channels of development, through efforts to exploit their economic resources and dominate their affairs for political, commercial, or financial ends. For Japan the danger has in times past been very real; to-day it scarcely exists, except from Russia, and the prospective outcome of the present war promises at least temporary relief from that quarter. If upon its first intimate contact with western races an Oriental people has backbone enough to adopt ideas and institutions that are beneficent without falling into mere servility, the white peril becomes for it the white blessing; and this, on the whole, is what Japan has done. 'The white peril,' says Dr. Gulick, 'so long feared, has proved for Japan to be the very tonic and stimulus required to place her in the advance guard of progressive nations.' The field where the white peril is most seriously to be reckoned with is China, for there seems small ground for hope that China will succeed as Japan has done in thwarting the designs of greedy nations upon her integrity. Dr. Gulick expects Japanese victory in the present war to have some weight in inducing the white man to treat the yellow man with justice and civility, but in his judgment the problem of the white peril can be solved ultimately only through belief on part of the white race in the essential equality in worth and rights of all men. To any one interested in the larger aspects of contemporary world-politics, as well as in the ethics of inter-

national and interracial relations, Dr. Gulick's little book must commend itself as a valuable piece of work. While in no way profound, it is rich in novel and suggestive points of view. It contains one of the best statements of the real causes of the war with Russia yet published, and gives an interpretation of the Japanese attitude toward the conflict that is agreeably clear, concise, and illuminating.

*Glimpses of
high life
in Rome.*

Of society's polished horde, but not in this instance the bores and the bored, Madame Mary King Waddington's second instalment of letters, 'Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife' (Scribner), gives many a pleasing glimpse. As seen through her eyes the men and women she meets are all interesting and interested. Three months—February, March, April, 1880—were spent by her and her husband in Italy, chiefly in Rome. M. Waddington had just resigned the French premiership, and the two were off on a vacation. Eugene Schuyler, who had married a sister of Mme. Waddington, was then consul-general at Rome, and of the Schuylers and numerous other King and Waddington friends and connections we hear much in the course of the book. The high official and social station of our tourists secured them the most cordial reception in the highest quarters. At an audience with the Pope, his Holiness advanced to meet them so hospitably that the regulation curtsies were impossible; and he even made them sit down, one on each side of him, and they had a really interesting three-quarters-of-an-hour talk. As Mme. Waddington speaks of having some years before 'approached' Pope Pius IX., and as she afterward describes an audience with the present pontiff, the reader incidentally acquires some little familiarity with papal receptions. Audiences with King Humbert, with Queen Margherita, a dinner at the German Embassy with Crown Princess Frederick, balls and other functions at the different embassies, and a succession of less important society events, furnish ample matter for the letters Mme. Waddington so dutifully and so frequently despatched to her mother in America and to other members of the family. Twenty-four years later, in the same three months of February, March, and April, she revisited Italy, this time a widow, and took up the old round of sight-seeing and social functions. The book as a whole, though entertaining, hardly equals its predecessor in interest. It has no cornation of a Czar, for one thing; and perhaps the scenes described are too familiar to arouse and sustain the keenest curiosity. One queries, too, whether here and there a letter has not been 'doctored' for the press, as for example the one containing a long reminiscent passage (more than twenty pages) describing an ascent of Vesuvius and other events that occurred in 1867. A delightfully human touch is Queen Elena's chat about her children and how they prized above their other playthings a rag doll given them by the wife of the American Ambassador. Numerous illustrations accompany the text, but most of the portraits are disappointing.

*Chapters on
contemporary
dramatists.*

That the drama does not occupy anything like its rightful position in modern English literature, that it is not in England or America a vital intellectual force as it is in France, and Germany, and even in the lesser European countries, is a fact so obvious that it hardly calls for statement. The remedy for an evil is apt to follow a close realization of its existence, and the wider our acquaintance with what the Continental stage is doing for literature, the nearer we shall come to the rehabilitation of a branch of letters in which England once set a shining example for the rest of the world. For this reason, if for no other, we should welcome such books as Mr. James Huneker's 'Iconoclasts' (Scribner) and Professor Edward Everett Hale's 'Dramatists of To-day' (Holt). But both books deserve a welcome on their own account, for they are noteworthy examples of literary criticism in one of the most interesting of literary fields. Mr. Huneker's book discusses no less than twelve contemporary dramatists, while Mr. Hale's book considers four of the same list, and adds three others. The writers discussed in both books are Herr Hauptmann, Herr Sudermann, M. Maeterlinck, and Mr. Shaw; Mr. Hale's list is completed by M. Rostand, Mr. Pinero, and Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Huneker's by Dr. Ibsen, Herr Strindberg, MM. Becque and Hervieu, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Princess Mathilde, Sig. d'Annunzio, and Mr. Gorky. The two books together are thus seen to provide a varied menu of the most interesting character, although its thorough digestion by English stomachs (not wholly used to such strong meat) may be a matter of some difficulty. Mr. Huneker's manner of writing is pointed and almost brilliant, but the journalistic origin of his essays is too apparent. He is sometimes violent in his way of saying things, as if he were determined, writing about 'iconoclasts,' to show that he could, an he would, do a pretty 'stunt' at image-breaking himself. He gives us many epigrams, some his own, others felicitously borrowed for the occasion. His longest paper is upon Dr. Ibsen, and is useful for its summaries of plots, besides being stimulating in its suggestiveness. Professor Hale's book has a *naïveté* of style that is engaging, and he establishes confidential relations with the reader from the start. But his impressionistic method and conversational manner do not preclude the exhibition of very definite opinions, clearly reasoned and amply fortified by example. Besides the discussions of his seven chosen dramatists, he gives us a 'Note on Standards of Criticism', and an essay on 'Our Idea of Tragedy'. An appendix presents a useful table of plays, with the dates and places of their first productions. A certain portion of the contents of this book will be recognized by our readers as having been reprinted from THE DIAL, but they will find it well worth reading a second time.

*The story
of a famous
love affair.*

Recently, on a ramble through the island of Guernsey, Mr. Henry Wellington Wack came across a bundle of papers that had been thrown out as valueless by the occupants of Hauteville House

after Victor Hugo's death. An examination showed them to comprise a fragment of a journal and some letters addressed to the poet. The journal seems to be a small part of the journal of François Hugo described by M. Octave Uzanne in 'Scribner's Magazine' in 1892. It contains nothing of importance. Of the letters, two are from a young woman who writes in an ecstasy of admiration and devotion to arrange further secret interviews with her 'sublime poet'; they were written during the fall of 1851. The others, about forty in number, are from 'Juliette,' the beautiful Princess Negroni of the first representations of 'Luerèce Borgia,' who, as everybody knows, was destined to play in the drama of Victor Hugo's life, as Madame Drouet, a part infinitely more important than any that her meagre histrionic talents permitted her to aspire to in the mimic actions of the stage. These letters, with one exception, are also from 1851. The other, from 1836, is the only one of real interest in connection with the history of the poet. These letters exhibit the attitude of Madame Drouet towards Hugo, but not for the first time. They but repeat the expressions of letters that had already been published. And though this repetition was doubtless sweet to the object of Madame Drouet's devotion, and perhaps did not cease to be so through all the thousands of missives (six thousand are still preserved) of that long correspondence, it is not particularly illuminating to the student of Victor Hugo's life or interesting to the general reader. These letters are, however, now made the occasion for the publication of a book of one hundred and fifty pages of wide-spaced lines and open print, of which the letters fill about fifty pages. Twenty pages are given to an introductory notice by M. François Coppée, in which personal reminiscences and anecdotes of Hugo, not always new, are told with a charm that suffers sometimes at the hands of the translator, and not without a sly thrust at Hugo's republicanism in a reference to the present republic's use of exile as a mode of dealing with political opponents. The rest of the book is mainly taken up with a rather scrappy account of Hugo's life and home surroundings at Hauteville House, in the course of which Mr. Wack betrays the fact that he is no authority on matters of Hugo biography. Less than twenty pages are devoted to the story of the 'Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet' that the title promises; and these pages are but a rather unsatisfactory summary of an article by M. Léon Séché in the 'Revue de Paris' for February 15, 1903. There was in Mr. Wack's treasure-trove hardly the excuse for a short magazine article. His book is quite without adequate *raison d'être*. (Putnam.)

Another book
about 'R. L. S.'

Dr. Alexander H. Japp, who found a publisher for 'Treasure Island' and a public for its author, has a better warrant than most to write about Stevenson. Of this, he has taken advantage in his recently-published volume entitled 'Robert Louis Stevenson: A Record, an Estimate, and a Memorial' (Scribner), in which some personal remi-

niscence is supplemented by much criticism, original and quoted, and by a little controversy. The chapters supplying the latter element deal with Lord Rosebery as an amateur critic, and with Mr. Gosse as an authority on the subject of the history of the 'Treasure Island' manuscript. The criticism is largely of the familiar appreciative order; and since so few dissentient voices are admitted to the chorus of praise, it seems a pity to give so much prominence to Mr. Henley's unfortunate utterance. There can be little need to-day of lengthy quotation from this article, even for the sake of refutation. Dr. Japp gives Stevenson's dramatic attempts a decidedly fuller share of consideration than they have hitherto received from most critics. According to him, the chief flaw of these compositions is lack of ethical purpose,—a failure to believe that 'goodness and self-sacrifice and surrender are the only strength in the universe.' The admission might seem to render untenable the position in the ranks of the optimists that, curiously enough, seems to have been awarded Stevenson to-day by almost universal consent. But Dr. Japp qualifies his criticism by ascribing Stevenson's immoral and consequently undramatic belief that 'badheartedness was strength' to the influence of Mr. Henley. It seems as though a phrase in a passage quoted from M. Marcel Schwob might go further towards explaining Stevenson's weakness as a dramatist, as well as his failure in other respects, with all his marvellous attainments, to reach the highest level. In speaking of Stevenson's characters, M. Schwob says: 'Ce sont des fantômes de la vérité; hallucinants comme de vrais fantômes.' And to those readers who, loving Stevenson the man no less than the writer, are yet able to see him without the glamor through which some of his worshippers delight to gaze at their idol, the criticism may seem to have application to the life of its subject as well as to his work. In the dedication of 'David Balfour,' written shortly before his death, Stevenson said that 'he bowed his head before the romance of destiny.' Destiny had in truth given him a life full of the romance that he loved, but in so doing set him something apart from the rest of us, to whom losses and gains come more dully. And if the life he gave his characters seems more unreal than that which belongs to the work of less skilful artists, what wonder?

The life and
work of
Albert Dürer.

The notion that artists are the fittest persons to write understandingly about art and artists would be truer were discernment always matched by power of verbal expression. Mr. T. Sturge Moore's volume on Albert Dürer, which is the latest addition to the 'Library of Art' (Scribner), is an instance of an excellent book marred by an involved and slipshod style. This, together with the rambling treatment and frequent use of metaphor, makes it somewhat difficult to read. Three sentences from the first of the biographical chapters may be cited as characteristic.

'It is perhaps impossible to place oneself in the centre of that horizon which was of necessity his and belonged to his day, a vast circle from which men could no more

escape than we from ours; this cage of iron ignorance [sic] in which every human soul is trapped, and to widen and enlarge which every heroic soul lives and dies. This cage appeared to his eyes very different from what it does to ours; yet it has always been a cage, and is only lost sight of at times when the light from within seems to flow forth, and with its radiant sapphire heaven of buoyancy and desire to vell the eternal bars. It is well to remind ourselves that ignorance was the most momentous, the most cruel condition of his life, as of our own; and that the effort to relieve himself of its pressure, either by the pursuit of knowledge, or by giving spur and bridle to the imagination that it might course round him dragging the great woof of illusion and tent him in the ethereal dream of the soul's desire, was the constant effort and resource of his days.

Comment is supplied by the author himself when he says, though in another connection, that 'it is easier to bob to such phrases than to understand them.' The book does not claim to embody any new research. In form it is an elaborate essay, or sequence of essays, on Dürer's life and work, considered in relation to certain general ideas which are rather vaguely set forth in the first section. In deference, no doubt, to Dürer's search for a canon of proportion for the human figure, the opening chapter deals with various truisms under the caption of 'The Idea of Proportion,' as the author calls it, though 'composition' is the usual term for what he has in mind. This is followed by a chapter on the influence of religion on the creative impulse, which Mr. Moore holds to be the vital force that prevents its perversion or exhaustion. The really valuable parts of the book are those that deal with Dürer's life in relation to his times, and with his work as a creator. The chapters on the former subject have been drawn chiefly from Sir Martin Conway's 'Literary Remains of Albrecht Dürer' and Professor Thausing's *Life of Dürer*. So far as possible the story is told in the artist's own words, through extracts from his letters and diary, and is of great interest. In his estimate of Dürer as an artist Mr. Moore is eminently sound and discriminating. Here he is on sure ground, and his words may be taken without the grain of salt that is needed in reading other parts of his work. He sees clearly in what the greatness of Dürer consists,—that he was a marvellous draughtsman, an engraver of unsurpassed skill, a designer of the very first rank, but not a painter born, in the sense that Titian and Correggio and Rembrandt were, or the equal of these masters as a colourist. The author's æsthetic judgments are made more intelligible by the abundant illustrations, many of them from drawings and the less well-known works of the artist. These are acceptably reproduced; and through the courtesy of the Dürer Society four of their photogravures of copperplate engravings are included.

Oscar Wilde's
last volume.

Mr. Robert Ross, to whose care the manuscript was confided, has edited Oscar Wilde's posthumous work 'De Profundis' (Putnam), written during the unhappy man's imprisonment and preceding in point of time the composition of 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol.' The essay has, as might be expected, great literary charm, and possesses unquestioned authenticity as a contribution toward

the comprehension of the abnormal and in many ways inexplicable psychology of its author. Wilde confesses to nothing more than a sense of outrage upon finding himself reduced to the sorry lot of a common felon, confirming the impression that he was quite without sense of guilt. It cannot be said that at any point in his narrative does remorse for his crime manifest itself; he is content with reprobation of the general hedonism by which he governed his destiny; contrition and repentance in the theological sense are unknown to him. Nor is it clear that a more refined sort of hedonism does not persist. Most interesting of all the questions raised by a reading of the narrative is the writer's attitude toward Christ, whose character Wilde believes himself to comprehend better than others. But he nevertheless regards the gospel account as chiefly wonderful for its complete and rounded literary charm,—the æsthetic aspect is still all-important. The end arrived at by Wilde appears to be a species of Nature worship. 'I am conscious now,' he writes in conclusion, 'that behind all this beauty, satisfying though it may be, there is some spirit hidden of which the painted forms and shapes are but modes of manifestation, and it is with this spirit that I desire to become in harmony. I have grown tired of the articulate utterances of men and things. . . . Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer, but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed.'

Daring deeds in
the early days
of our navy.

Dr. Gardner W. Allen has dealt with a brilliant and hitherto neglected chapter in the naval annals of the United States in his volume on 'Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The book covers the entire ground of our official dealings with Algeria, Tripoli, Morocco, and Tunis from the recognition of our nationality by Great Britain down to the extirpation of piracy by the treaty with Algiers in December, 1816. Several naval expeditions reflecting the highest credit upon the service, the nation, and the best interests of the world at large, were undertaken during this period, and aside from the direct results accomplished were of great importance as affording a training school for that gallant race of captains who so effectually disappointed the British on the sea in the War of 1812. The operations included two deeds of the finest courage—the cutting out of the 'Philadelphia,' which the incomparable Nelson himself called 'the most daring act of the age,' and the entry into the port of Tripoli of Richard Somers, Henry Wadsworth (the maternal uncle of Longfellow, from whom the poet was named), and Joseph Israel. Besides the operations at sea, there was a land expedition almost unrecorded in our annals, since it does not come within the scope of our naval history and was not officered by any member of the regular army. Dr. Allen has made his work thorough and authoritative, but betrays a needless distrust of his own de-

scriptive powers, leaving the more dramatic events to be described almost entirely in the words of eye-witnesses. The book is supplied with portraits and maps of value and interest.

A Frenchman's impressions of Greater Britain. The present is a time for international interpretations, and Vicomte Robert d'Humières shows great good nature, much wit, and the point of view we characterize as French in his book entitled 'Through Isle and Empire' (Doubleday, Page & Co.), which Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos has admirably translated into English. The author often reverts in his writings to Mr. Rudyard Kipling as the typical Englishman, and Mr. Kipling returns the compliment in a prefatory letter, polite enough, but differing from the author in several respects. The Vicomte seems to have had a pleasant time in his sojourn under the British flag, beginning with London during the coronation and passing through England and thence to India, and he writes of it all with ease and vivacity. He exhibits the usual failure to understand any aspect of English puritanism, and that inexplicable attitude of the Frenchman toward the Frenchwoman which is not the least of the reasons for the world's misunderstanding her. As a rule (though this is denied in the introduction) nothing but good is said of the English, their goings out and comings in, their sports and pastimes, and their normal attitude toward life. It is in India that the Vicomte shines chiefly; there of all places is the opportunity given for a man of southern race to tell the story of a race more southern, more religious, more ancient, and more subtle. Especially to be commended are the discourses upon Indian and Moslem art.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers of a third edition (not apparently differing from the second) of Amelia B. Edwards's 'Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys.' This description of the Dolomite country has kept its interest remarkably well for the past thirty years and more, and we are glad to welcome it in its most recent garb.

Copyright Office Bulletin No. 8 of the Library of Congress is a very valuable work indeed. It is a volume of more than four hundred pages, bearing the title 'Copyright in Congress, 1789-1904,' and gives us 'a bibliography and chronological record of all proceedings in Congress in relation to copyright,' during the entire period of our national history. Mr. Thorvald Solberg is the compiler of the work.

Mr. Charles Sprague Sargent's 'Manual of the Trees of North America' (exclusive of Mexico) presents in compact form for the use of students the immense mass of information upon its subject gathered by the author during thirty years of investigation, and already presented in his 'Silva of North America' in monumental form. The volume is one of about eight hundred pages, describing over six hundred species, the descriptions being accompanied by about the same number of illustrations. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the publishers of this invaluable work.

A 'History of the United States from 986 to 1905' (Harper), by Messrs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson and William Macdonald, turns out to be Colonel Higginson's 'History of the United States of America,' with some revisions of the original text, and continued from Jackson's administration down to the present date. It has a new set of illustrations and maps, and is one of the most readable histories of this country ever written.

The fifth edition of 'A Dictionary of American Authors,' by Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, is published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The text of the preceding edition is reproduced with comparatively few alterations, the new matter being relegated to a supplement, which contains 1325 new names. The work is thus made much more useful than before, although the inconvenience of searching through two alphabets must be regarded as an unfortunate feature.

'Ethical Addresses' (1305 Arch St., Philadelphia) has been published in enlarged form since last September, and each of the monthly issues is now an attractively printed pamphlet of about forty pages, containing two or three papers or lectures. Among the papers recently printed are 'Is Life Worth Living?' by Professor William James; 'Ethics in the Schools,' by Mr. W. M. Salter; 'What It Means to Work for a Cause,' by Mr. Walter L. Sheldon; and 'Shall Ostracism Be Used by Religious Societies in the Struggle against Public Iniquity?' by Professor Felix Adler. We wish that this admirable publication might have (to put it moderately) one-tenth the circulation that it deserves. The combination of earnestness with high intellectual quality possessed by most of the papers included should commend them to all thoughtful readers.

Two volumes of Letters complete the handsome library edition of 'The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb,' as edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas, which the Messrs. Putnam have for some time been engaged in publishing. The letters of Mary Lamb are now for the first time included in such an edition, while about seventy of Charles's letters are now printed for the first time. Unfortunately, the present collection is not complete, because many other letters are still under copyright, and will remain so for some two score years to come. To obtain a complete set of the letters now in print means the purchase of nine works (in many more volumes), while new letters are all the time coming to light. American autograph collectors, Mr. Lucas notes, have been particularly disobliging in their unwillingness to permit their treasures to be drawn upon for the present publication.

'Translations of German Poetry in American Magazines, 1741-1810,' by Dr. Edward Ziegler Davis, is an interesting volume published at Philadelphia by the Americana Germanica Press. The author has ransacked very thoroughly the magazines of the seventy years covered by his investigation, and has listed all the articles giving information about Germany and other Teutonic countries. The poems are in most cases reprinted in full, the names occurring most frequently being those of Gellert, Gessner, Bürger, and Goethe. Bürger's 'Lenore' inspired many American versifiers to translation or imitation, and the number of compositions inspired by 'Werther' is really remarkable. Most of this matter is poor enough stuff as literature, but some of the parodies are noteworthy, showing the American humorist to have been very much alive in the later eighteenth century. One burlesque (p. 143) of the German ballad may be commended to the attention of anthologists as well worth preserving.

NOTES.

It has been found necessary to postpone until next autumn the publication of the collection of Ibsen Letters previously announced by Messrs. Fox, Duffield & Co.

The next novel by Mr. Rider Haggard will be published in this country by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. 'Ayesha,' as the new book is called, forms a sequel to Mr. Haggard's most famous story, 'She.'

A new novel by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, entitled 'A Maid of Japan,' will be published this month by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. The same firm has also in press a story of Kentucky life called 'The Venus of Cadiz.'

An excellent blank verse translation of Oehlen-schlager's 'Hakon Jarl,' the work of Mr. James Christian Lindberg, is to be found in the January number of the 'University Studies' published by the University of Nebraska.

The famous 'Rowfant' library of the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, one of the richest private collections ever brought together, has recently been acquired by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., who will offer it for sale to American collectors.

Baedeker's 'Northern France,' including the country from the Channel to the Loire, is published in its fourth English edition, and imported for the American market by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. There are thirteen maps and forty plans.

'The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti,' in the rhymed translation of John Addington Symonds, has reached a second edition, which is imported by the Messrs. Scribner. It will be remembered that this book gives us the Italian text, each sonnet facing its translation.

A revised edition of the 'Medieval and Modern History' of Professor Philip Van Ness Myers is published by Messrs. Ginn & Co. It is a work of over seven hundred pages, with rich illustrative equipment, and exemplifies to a notable degree the modern art of text-book-making.

'The van Dyke Book,' edited by Dr. Edward Mims, and published by the Messrs. Scribner, is a volume of selections from the writings of the Rev. Henry van Dyke, prepared for child readers both in and out of school. Miss Brooke van Dyke supplies a biographical sketch of her father.

A volume of 'Reminiscences of G. F. Watts, R.A.,' will be published in about a month by the Macmillan Co. Mrs. Russell Barrington, the author of the book, was a most intimate friend of Watts during the last forty-five years of his life. The volume will be illustrated with reproductions of Watts's paintings.

The latest of the special Riverside Press Editions is a reprint of 'A Consolatorie Letter' written by Plutarch 'unto his owne wife as touching the death of her and his daughter.' This letter forms one of the less-known chapters in the 'Morals,' and is here given in Philemon Holland's translation. Judging from the specimen that we have seen, the typography is distinctive and appropriate. The book is presented almost entirely without ornament.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish this month Mr. Russell Sturgis's 'The Interdependence of the Arts of Design,' a series of lectures delivered at The Art Institute of Chicago; another of Mr. Sherwin Cody's useful compilations, 'A Selection from the Great English Poets'; and 'Iowa: The First Free State in the Louisiana Purchase,' from its earliest discovery to the admission of the state into the Union, by Dr. William Salter.

The Summer School of Library Economy conducted at Amhurst College for many years past by Mr. William I. Fletcher, will hold its fifteenth session this summer from July 3 to August 11, a term of six weeks. There are no special requirements (beyond an ordinary high-school education) for admission to this course.

Mr. William Alexander's volume on 'The Life Insurance Company,' to be published this month in Messrs. Appletons' 'Business Series,' will have an especial timeliness just now. The book is a general treatise on the history, aims, and accomplishment of life insurance, written from thorough practical knowledge and experience.

A uniform edition of the dramatic works of Henrik Ibsen, to be sold singly or in sets at a reasonable price, is announced for early publication by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The edition will consist of seven or eight volumes, and will be made up in the main of the authorized Archer translations. The biographical, bibliographical, and critical apparatus, including introductions to the plays, notes, etc., will be unusually full and should prove of much service to the student of the Norwegian dramatist.

The extended list of books relating to the Philippine Islands will receive an important and authoritative addition in the volume on 'Our Philippine Problem,' by Professor H. Parker Willis of Washington and Lee University, which Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. expect to issue before the end of the month. The writer is well qualified for the task of preparing this work by personal investigation, both in the Philippines and in official circles in Washington, and by his journalistic experience as editorial writer for several of the best American newspapers.

Not long ago the Harvard College Library came into possession of an edition, dated 1617, of an hitherto unknown poem by Samuel Rowlands entitled 'The Bride.' From this copy, which is believed to be unique, a facsimile reprint has been made by the Merrymount Press, and is published in a limited edition by Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed. The poem itself is of little account, being hardly up to the mediocre level of its author's best work; but owners of the Hunterian Club edition of Rowlands will want it to complete that work, and book-lovers generally will be glad to have the volume for the sake of the very unique and interesting setting that Mr. Updike has given it.

The series of twelve photogravure facsimiles of rare fifteenth century books printed in England and now in the University Library, Cambridge, which the Cambridge University Press has in preparation, will be issued in this country by the Macmillan Co. The first four books are: Chaucer's 'Anelida and Arcite,' from the unique copy of the Westminster edition of William Caxton (1477-8); 'Augustini Dacti Scribe sup Tullianis elegancijs & verbis exoticis in sua facundissima Rethorica incipit pornate libellus,' from the unique copy printed at St. Albans (about 1479-80) by 'The Schoolmaster Printer'; 'The Temple of glas' by John Lydgate, from the unique copy of the Westminster edition of William Caxton (1477-8); and 'Thomas Betson's Ryght profytable treatyse' (from St. Jerome, St. Bernard, Gerson, etc.) (1500), from the copy printed by Wynkyn de Worde in Caxton's house. Only two hundred copies of each will be for sale.

Under the title of 'Types of American Literature,' Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce an interesting series of literary studies which ought to prove valuable to the critical reader of books as well as to students and scholars. The series is to consist of a number of monographs, each volume

dealing with the origin and development of a single literary genre, instead of a period or an author. The following volumes have already been arranged for: The Ballad, by Professor F. B. Gummere of Haverford; The Novel, by Dr. Bliss Perry, editor of 'The Atlantic Monthly'; The Lyric, by Professor F. E. Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania; Tragedy, by Professor A. H. Thorndike of Northwestern University; The Pastoral, by Professor J. B. Fletcher of Columbia University; The Essay, by Dr. Ferris Greenslet of 'The Atlantic Monthly'; Character Writing, by Mr. C. N. Greenough of Harvard; Saints' Legends, by Dr. G. H. Gerould of Bryn Mawr; Literary Criticism, by Professor Irving Babbitt of Harvard; The Short Story, by Professor W. M. Hart of the University of California; Allegory, by the general editor of the series, Professor W. A. Neilson of Columbia University. Each volume will contain a complete bibliography.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 75 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

ERNEST RENAN. By William Barry, D.D. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 240. 'Literary Lives.' Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1. net.
MY MEMORY OF GLADSTONE. By Goldwin Smith. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 88. A. Weasels Co. 75 cts. net.

HISTORY.

MAGNA CARTA: A Commentary on the Great Charter of King John. With an Historical Introduction. By William Sharp McKeechie, M.A. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 607. Macmillan Co. \$4.50 net.
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A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Edward Channing. Vol. I., The Planting of a Nation in the New World, 1000-1660. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 550. Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.
JOURNALS OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, 1774-1789. Edited from the original records in the Library of Congress by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Vols. II. and III., 1775. Large 8vo, uncut. Government Printing Office.
A SHORT HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By Mary Pratt Parmelee. New edition; 12mo, pp. 286. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By P. Kropotkin. 8vo, uncut, pp. 341. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$2. net.
THE ENCHANTED WOODS, and Other Essays on the Genius of Places. By Vernon Lee. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 321. John Lane. \$1.25 net.
THE CHILDREN OF GOOD FORTUNE: An Essay in Morals. By C. Hanford Henderson. 12mo, pp. 406. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.30 net.
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- A HISTORY OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE. By Lucy M. Mitchell. New edition; illus., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 766. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4. net.
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Some Press Comments on The Dial's Twenty-fifth Anniversary

THE DIAL, that excellent literary periodical which is published in Chicago, celebrates on May 1 its twenty-fifth anniversary. Mr. Francis F. Browne, who edited the first number, still directs the policy of the paper, and to him and his colleagues the warmest congratulations are to be offered on the rounding out of a quarter of a century of useful and successful work. The leading editorial in the current number is written in a modest strain. The editor contents himself with saying that the effort of his paper has been "to achieve distinction through consistency and persistency; to be itself, with its own standards and character; to have its ideals and live up to them." But to the many readers of THE DIAL, and especially to those laboring in the same field which has benefited by its activities, it must be a pleasure to testify to the valuable services rendered by this sturdy publication; it has been not only consistent and persistent in the cause of high literary standards. It has brought judgment, taste, enthusiasm, to the execution of its task. If it has been active in the dissemination of sound opinions, it has also done invaluable work in helping to create in the West that atmosphere which means not so much the making of opinion, but the development of a feeling for literary interests generally. Not alone in Chicago, but throughout a wide territory, THE DIAL has been a force in raising up readers of books of all kinds. It has steadily increased, both in influence and in prosperity, and it passes its twenty-fifth anniversary to continue upon a campaign in which it has the good will of everyone concerned in the welfare of literary journalism.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

During all these years THE DIAL has been an independent critical journal among many "literary organs" whose tune has almost always been in harmony with the literature published by the house which simultaneously owned both books and periodicals. It is refreshing to know that this, the only journal in America given up exclusively to the criticism of current literature, and the only literary periodical not owned or controlled by a book publishing house or a newspaper, has its home in Chicago. That a paper like THE DIAL should be printed for a quarter of a century, continually sending forth its clean pages of well balanced criticism, is surely cause for felicitation. Its existence must prove stimulating to good taste and a love of good literature. May it live long to record the sunny hours of prosperity and progress.

THE STANDARD (Chicago).

With its issue dated April 16, THE DIAL completes a quarter of a century of such service to American literature as has been rendered by no other periodical. This does not mean that there has been no other competent literary criticism in the United States—though the sum total of that worth any consideration has been slight indeed by comparison. But THE DIAL has been the only journal to set for itself as an exclusive task to weigh, to measure, in some degree to interpret, and to pronounce judgment upon the current literary output. This was the purpose with which it was founded twenty-five years ago, and to this ideal it has held unswervingly, making no attempt to be "popular," but maintaining always the serene dignity, somewhat austere, yet kindly, befitting a Court of Last Resort. Wherever it is known, its utterances carry with them the weight that always attaches to the deliberate voice of the scholar speaking upon the subjects in which he is expert.

OUT WEST (Los Angeles).

With its current issue THE DIAL enters its second quarter century. Outside of bookish circles this fact will not seem as worthy of note as it will within. But wherever in America there is any care for the maintenance or development of sound and disinterested literary criticism there will be gratification that THE DIAL has not only survived so long "the tumult and the shouting," but enters auspiciously upon a fresh stage of its career of usefulness. . . . It is pleasant to consider that the only magazine wholly given to literary criticism and quite independent of any publishing concern was founded in Chicago, and has been maintained here for twenty-five years. During that period it has made its way wherever competent and disinterested criticism is sought.

(From a column article in CHICAGO EVENING POST.)

Twenty-five years ago, on the first day of May, THE DIAL was founded in Chicago, and now it is celebrating its Quarter Century. The editorial on the occasion speaks with becoming pride of the career of the paper. Indeed, that a purely literary magazine should remain for so long a time under the management of the man who created it, that it should always stand for the better things in literature, and that it should now be prosperous, is a record as honorable as it is rare. NEW YORK EVENING POST.

All friends of whatsoever things are best in the literature of this generation will note with interest that THE DIAL celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with the issue of May 1. Throughout the last quarter of a century this purely critical literary magazine, published in the intensely commercial city of Chicago, has steadfastly held to the high aim with which it was founded, gaining for itself an undisputed place among the best critical journals in the world.

CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD.

Of more than passing note among newspaper jubilees is the quarter century attained on May Day by THE DIAL, the journal of literary criticism whose place of publication is Chicago, but whose reading public is scattered over the length and breadth of the land, and also across the seas in other lands than our own. . . . Curiously enough, to this day THE DIAL is the only paper in the United States devoted exclusively to literary criticism. Furthermore, it is the only literary periodical in the country which is not owned or controlled by a book publishing house. Therefore it stands on an eminence of dignified solitude that has always helped to give to its judgments the exceptional value that is recognized as belonging to them by all in touch with American literature. . . . We extend cordial congratulations to our contemporary on the completion of a full quarter century of honorable service. May the hands of THE DIAL always keep steadily moving, may it continue to ring out the hours of literary achievement with resonant chime, and may the wheels behind the clock face be always well oiled, as heretofore, with the unguents of sound wisdom, clear discernment, and sober judgment.

LOS ANGELES TIMES.

THE DIAL of Chicago has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. It is an unusual record of which the editor, Mr. Francis F. Browne, writes modestly in the anniversary number, recalling his own unbroken editorship from the first number. The service which a literary paper of such high ideals and persistent courage in maintaining them has been able to render in the formative period of the Interior deserves wide recognition.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST (Boston).